



Mom was a Nobel Prize winner from Serbia. Dad was China's finest nuclear physicist. Their son, Kelvin Heng, graduated M.I.T. *summa cum laude* at age 13.

He didn't believe in any god, but he hoped his ancestor on his mother's side, Nikola Tesla, would be proud of him.

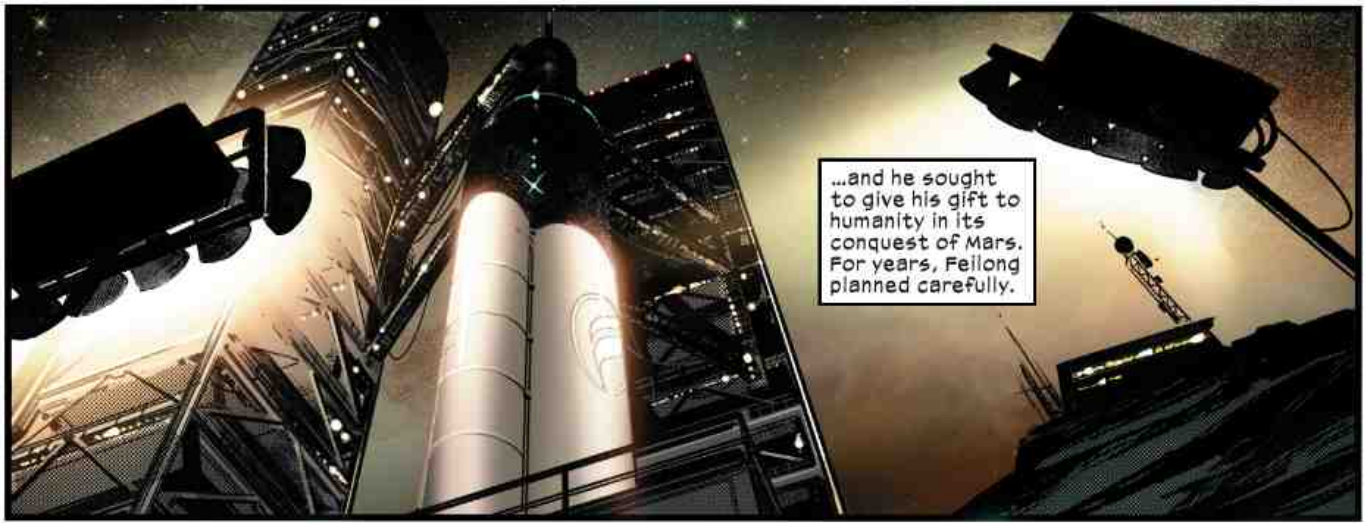
Like Tesla, he was unlucky in the business of creation. He was taken advantage of when his first IPO--at age 15--earned over a hundred million dollars on day one.

His parents believed Kelvin was a one-hit wonder and shorted their own son. They strangled their golden goose, and Kelvin saw his money...and his parents...disappear forever.

After a five-year absence, the man came roaring back. Kelvin Heng was nothing but a dead name in the first paragraph of Feilong's wiki. Both the man and his company shared his new name.

His second IPO promised planet-size innovations in biology and climate science.

Feilong turned a lifeless desert green and accomplished what had never been done on this planet...





Changing
his body
for Mars...



...was far easier
than changing
Mars for his
body.



Suddenly, everything
he ever wanted in life
was out of reach.
The question was:
Who would pay for
the theft?

No. Not
me...



...them.



X-MEN

[X_01]

NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK

The mutant nation of Krakoa is a refuge for its people, but the time has come for the newly elected X-MEN to protect the rest of the Earth!



Cyclops



Jean Grey



Sunfire



Synch



Wolverine



Polaris



Rogue

[ISSUE ONE]..... FEARLESS, CHAPTER ONE:
..... "IN THREES"

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PEPE LARRAZ.....[ARTIST]
MARTE GRACIA.....[COLOR ARTIST]
VC's CLAYTON COWLES.....[LETTERER]
TOM MULLER.....[DESIGN]

PEPE LARRAZ & MARTE GRACIA.....[COVER ARTISTS]

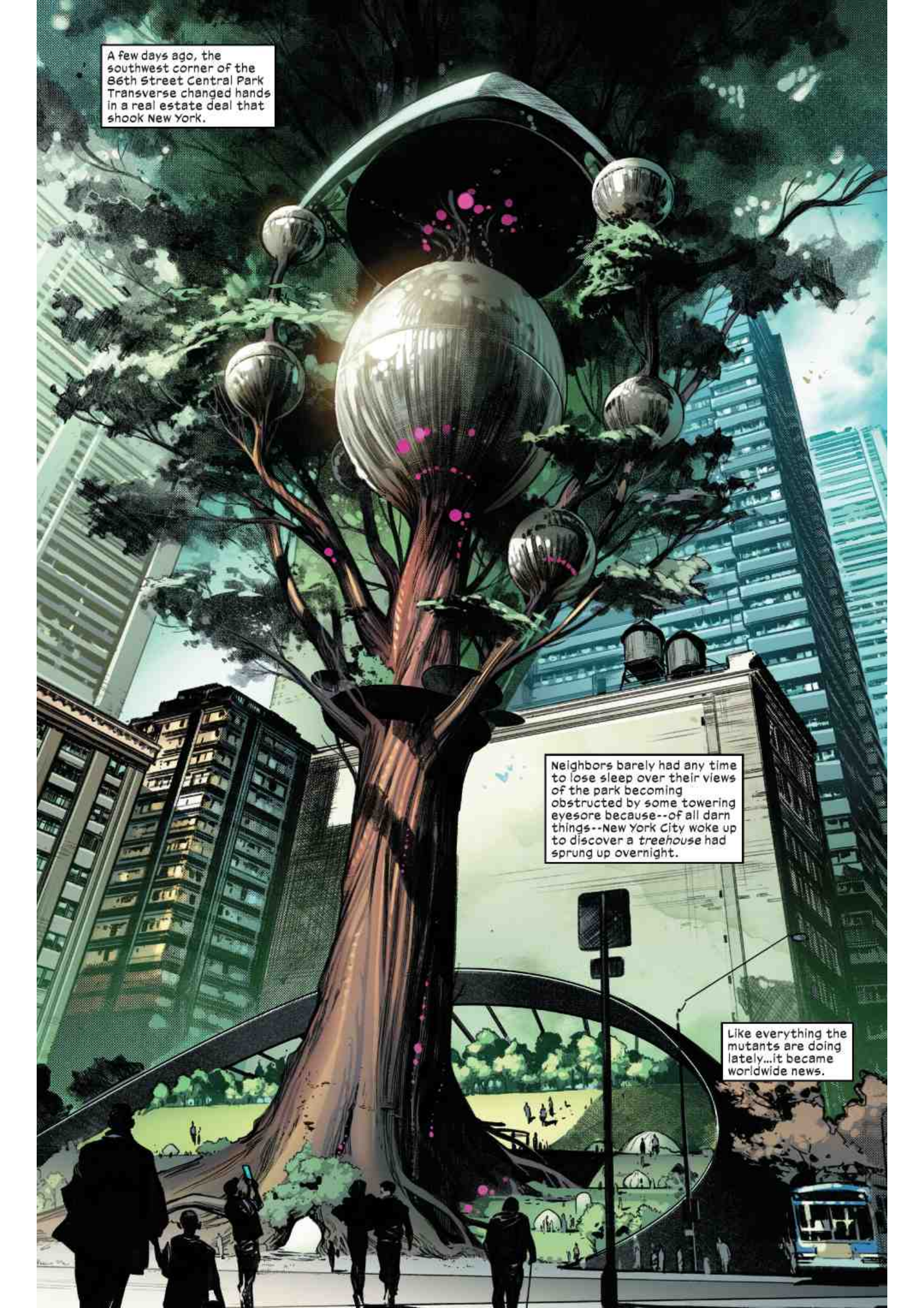
LARRY HOUSTON & CHRIS SOTOMAYOR; ROB LIEFELD; PEACH MOMOKO;
RUSSELL DAUTERMAN & MATTHEW WILSON; NICK BRADSHAW & MORRY
HOLLOWELL; DOALY; RIAN GONZALES; PATRICK GLEASON & MARTE
GRACIA; TOM MULLER; SKOTTIE YOUNG.....[VARIANT COVER ARTISTS]

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& ALEJANDRO SÁNCHEZ.....[STORMBREAKERS CONNECTING VARIANT COVER ARTISTS]

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A few days ago, the southwest corner of the 86th Street Central Park Transverse changed hands in a real estate deal that shook New York.

Neighbors barely had any time to lose sleep over their views of the park becoming obstructed by some towering eyesore because--of all darn things--New York City woke up to discover a treehouse had sprung up overnight.

Like everything the mutants are doing lately...it became worldwide news.



Nice to meet you, folks. Come back again.

Excuse me, Cyclops?



Oh. Hi there. You're Ben Urich, aren't you? The writer?

Yes. With the *Daily Bugle*. I'm technically the co-owner, too.



Well, don't let all that responsibility get in the way of doing what you love. Too many of us making that mistake these days... Anyway, I'm a big fan--you're a fantastic writer.

You mean for a human?

I mean for anyone.

It's amazing you grew this, uh... building overnight. What was the thinking?



At the end of the day...if I'm being honest? I just like creating. It makes me feel alive--it's fun... like when I was a kid. I dunno. Maybe that's why we're calling it the *Treehouse*.

Do you like it?



I really do.

Sincerely.



Isn't it every kid's dream to live in a treehouse?

Right?

Hey, if you're interested in getting one, I know a guy.

Anyway, have a look around.

You called the park you created *Seneca Gardens*. I'm impressed. Most folks don't know the story of this part of town.

Even though this park is a monument to mutant achievements and to those of us who never lived to see Krakoa, we think it's important to honor the place where we set roots, Mr. Urich.



Sorry, I know you have to go save the world, but--that's a nice uniform you have. Is that from the *House of Carnation*?



I think it is, yes.

If you're interested in one of your own--

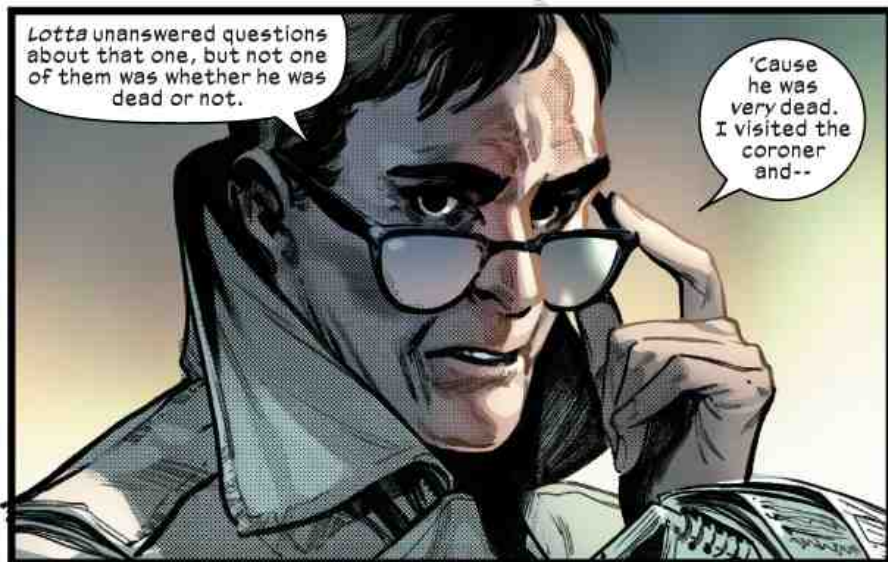


Oh, just one more question, Mr. Summers.

It's nice Jumbo is, uh... well, I covered his death. Back then, there was a lot of talk: Was it an overdose? Was it a murder? A hate crime?



There's so much bad news these days that when there's some good news, I tend to just be grateful for it.



Lotta unanswered questions about that one, but not one of them was whether he was dead or not.

'Cause he was very dead. I visited the coroner and--



Good night, Mr. Urich.

It's been a pleasure.





Hello?
Anybody
around to help with
luggage?



Hello, Polaris.
Let me
give you a
hand.
We don't
have--you know--
sidekicks or
something?



Maybe next year. Let me show you around. This is operations. We
can talk to almost everybody in here, and we're going to have
a published number.



Hangar
deck.



Lemme
guess: It's the
Blackbird?

We're trying
to decide between
the Thunderbird and the
Proudstar. We'd like to
honor John's sacrifice.



I need
to confess
something.

If you killed
Wanda, please
don't.



Hnnh.

I'll
move my
gear.
Hi,
Wolverine.



Habitat level. All the rooms
are the same.

This
one seems
bigger.



When I
heard we were
living in a tree, I
almost shifted the
Earth's magnetic
poles.

Glad you
kept your
powder dry,
Lorna.

Same. This
is much cooler than
I imagined.



I never
had a tree house
growing up, but I
always wanted
one.

Hello,
Synch.



And last--and
hopefully used the
least--our medical bay.
Of course, we're only a short
walk from the Healing
Gardens back on Krakoa.
If things get
really bad.

And if they
get *really*, really
bad, there's always
resurrection at
Arbor Magna.



I sure
hope not.

Is
there a place to
entertain?

There is...
but I don't
think you will
have the
time.

Hang
on, you
two.

I'm getting
a telepathic wave
of excitement from
downtown--people seeing
a fireball in the sky.
Rogue, can you do
a fly-by?





TREEHOUSE

How the Treehouse came to be is an interesting story. The White Queen rocked the New York real estate world by wielding her super power: her checking account. The terms of the billion-dollar deal were not disclosed; however, Emma Frost has said, "As a former member of the X-Men, I am proud to be able to make sure that our homeworld has a team dedicated to its preservation in one of my favorite cities. It's a reinvestment of much of the money from the sale of Krakoaan medicines."

The existing structure was taken down overnight in total silence, and the mutants began working the land in preparation for the arrival of the Treehouse from Krakoa.

Cyclops and Jean met with Forge, Cypher and Krakoa to review what would be needed for a permanent home for the X-Men in Manhattan. Rather than waste months on design, Krakoa grew a special small tree that would become the landmark at the southwest corner of the Central Park 86th Street Transverse. As the ideas began to take shape, Forge began binding the young seedling into a bonsai tree, not with copper but with bespoke cables packed with technology, which would grow in parallel with the tree.

Tempo's gift was key in aging the small bonsai tree. It should be noted that both Tempo and Forge were almost named to the inaugural Krakoaan X-Men team. They were both happy to serve on the creation of this new living headquarters. Once everyone was happy with how the tree looked, it was transported with care to Manhattan, where Tempo turned the eighteen-inch tree into one that was over eighteen stories. It is believed to be the greenest structure in the world and a boon for local wildlife. The Audubon Society is reeling from the sight of a snow owl that appears to have moved into the canopy.

Seneca Gardens is a free, open park space for the people of New York City, with Krakoaan technology highlighting mutant achievements and a memorial to great mutants who are no longer with us. The X-Men hope you'll visit when you're in Manhattan.



You were right on the money, Jean.

Ah clocked it over the water and wasn't too worried until it changed direction toward the city.

Whatever it is, it's not too big.



I'm gonna--ughn--put my back into it.







Let's come up with a plan.

Is she--?

Rogue survived, Sunfire.

How about I show this thing what I can do with metal?

So... you've come to Earth to kick my friends?

Well, I have some bad news for you. I--

Uh-oh-- if it's metal, it's one I can't control.

Gotcha!





Stay close to me!

AAH!



I'll wrap us up tight.



Nice save, Polaris.

We're safe in here for the moment, but the psychic attack is escalating.

I think that might have been a microwave burst.

I have an idea. I'm still synced with Forge.

Here's an idea. Find me a soft spot into that thing, or I'll carve my own.



I'll go try to turn it to slag.



Whatever we do, we need to do it fast. I'm shielding as many minds as I can-- but I can't shield them all.





Unfortunately for New Yorkers, their city has always been an *interesting* place to live.



Attacks may come from above...



...or below, but they *always* come.



X-Men, go!

Ready, Sunfire?



Here we go!



Luckily, the X-Men moved to town.



?

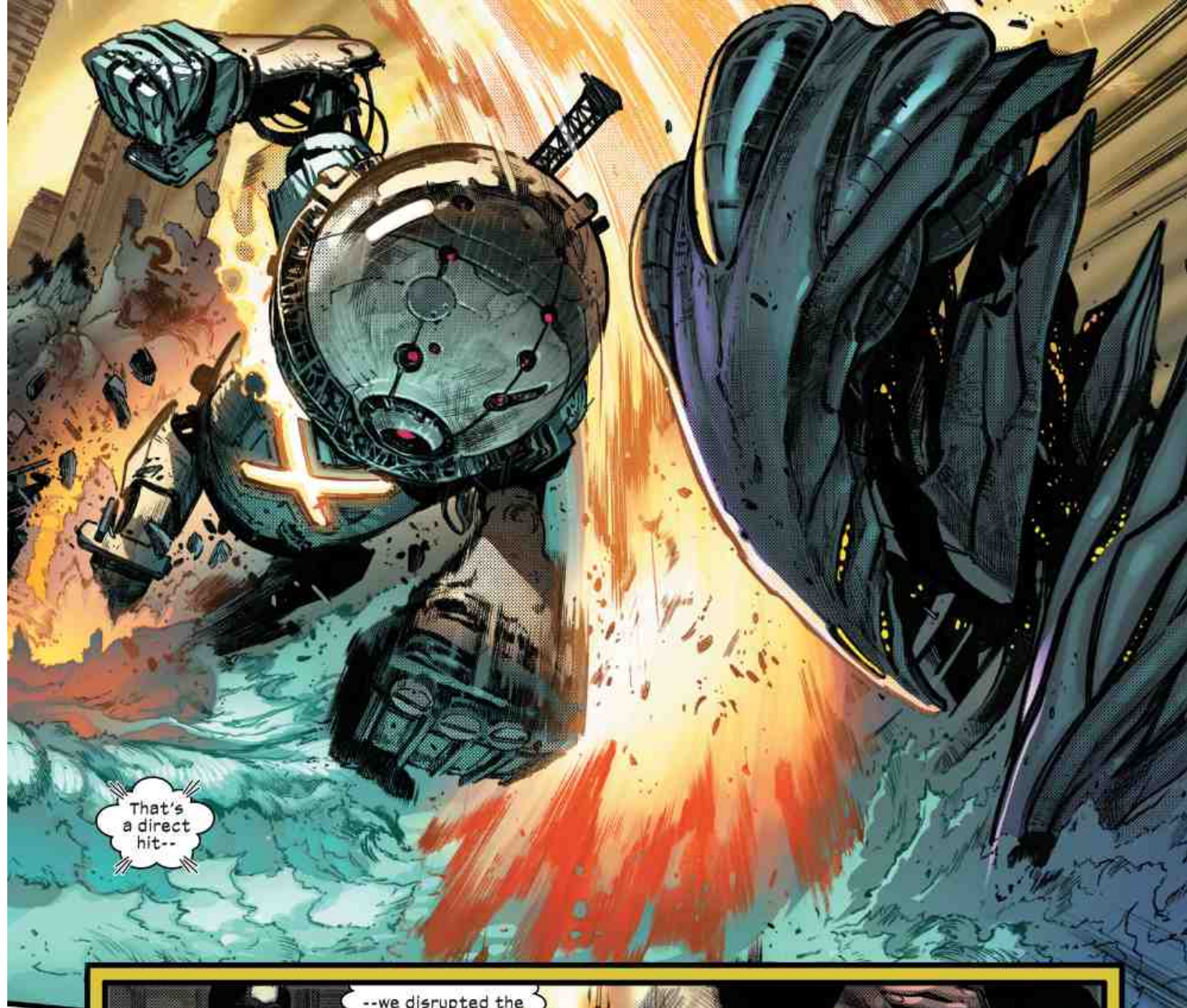
Linking
us up!

Create a breach
in the armor. Call out if
you see an opening. Polaris
is up--Rogue's in the on-
deck circle.



We're
planting our
feet!







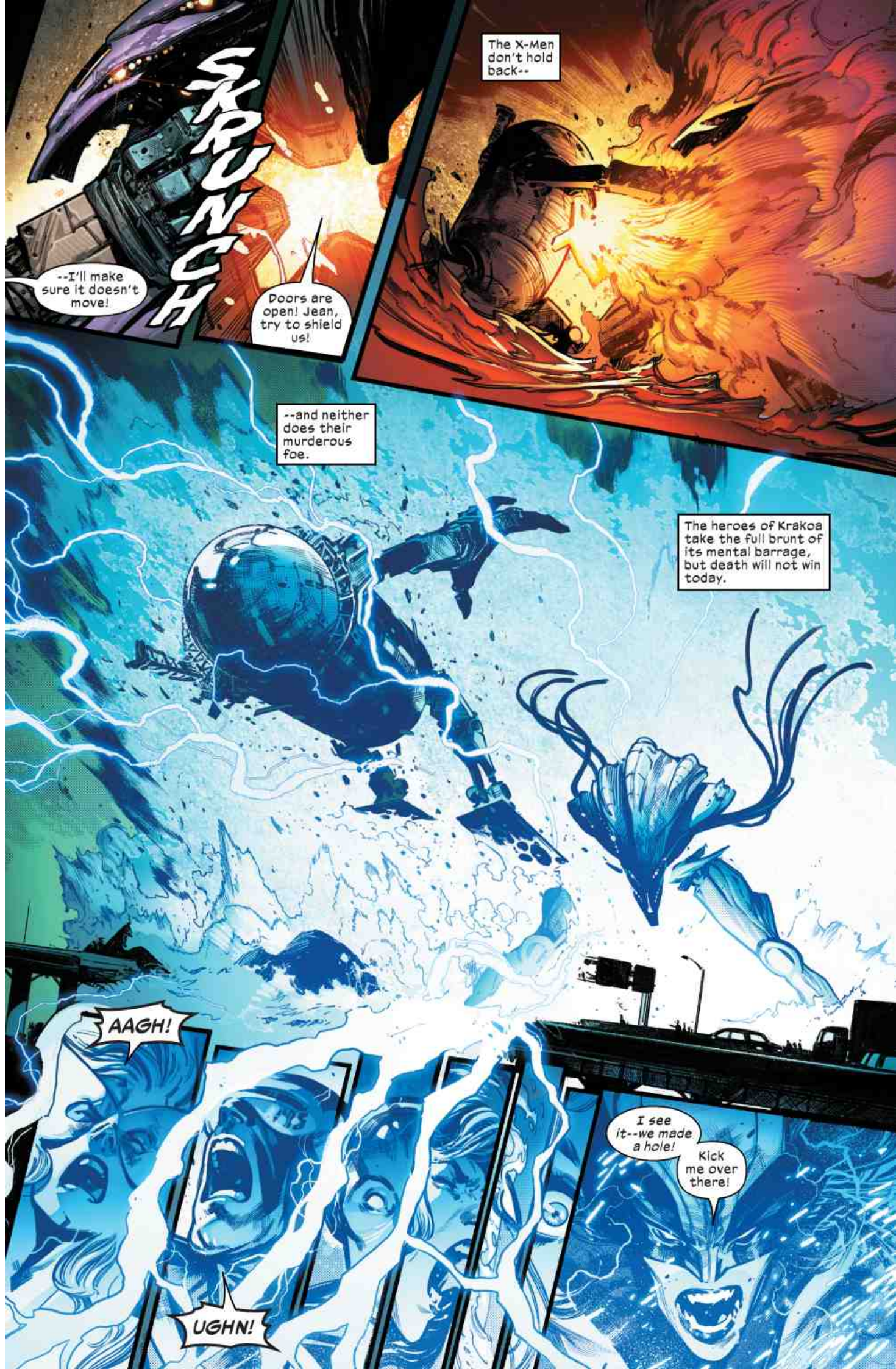
Dammit!

I lost
my arm!

Lemme
get some
optics on the
situation.

Can do,
sugah--

Can you
move me in
close?



The X-Men
don't hold
back--

--I'll make
sure it doesn't
move!

Doors are
open! Jean,
try to shield
us!

--and neither
does their
murderous
foe.

The heroes of Krakoa
take the full brunt of
its mental barrage,
but death will not win
today.

AAGH!

UGHN!

I see
it--we made
a hole!

Kick
me over
there!

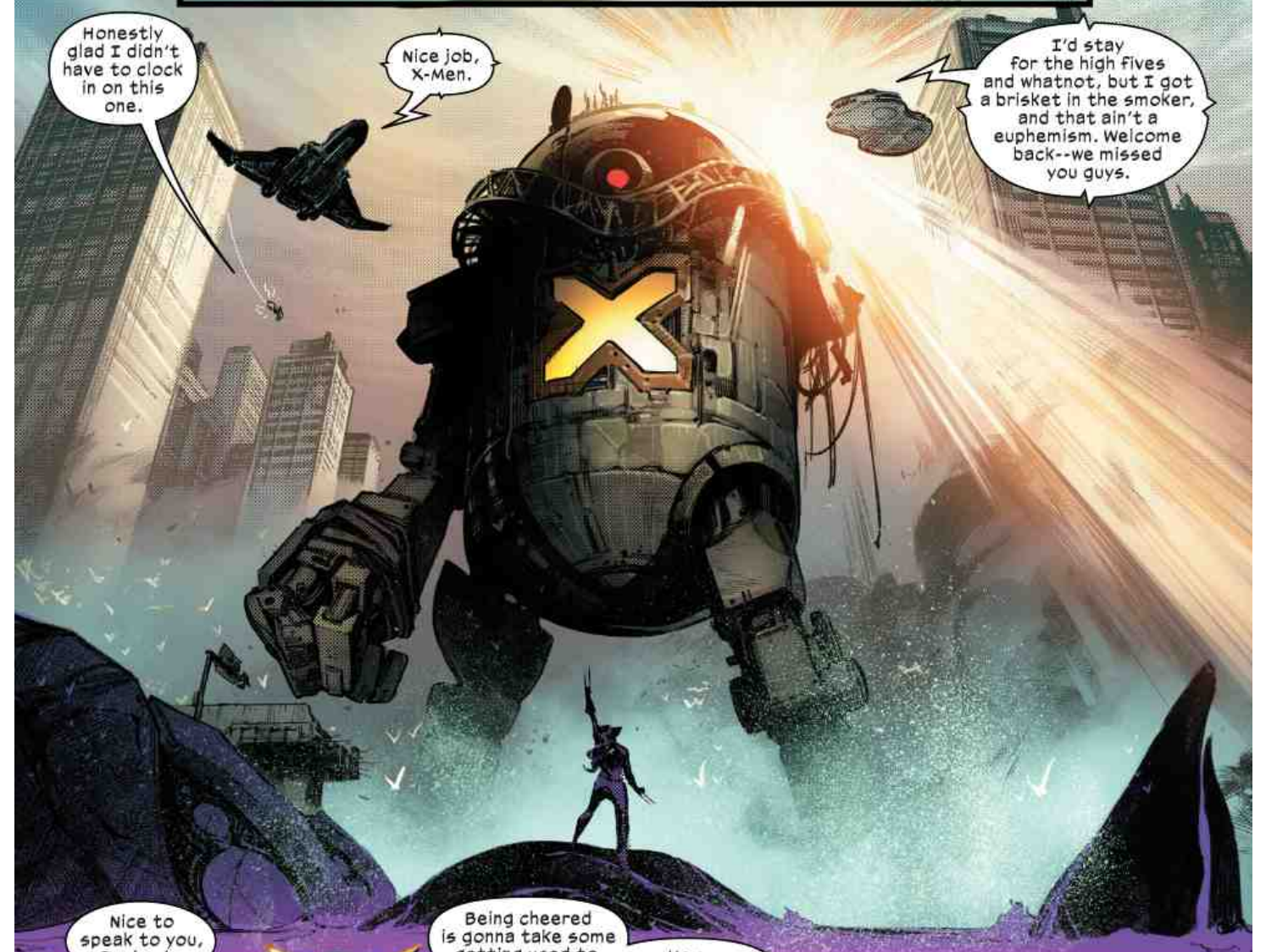




"...and hope to have this one wrapped up by the time you arrive."



I need a shower.



Honestly glad I didn't have to clock in on this one.

Nice job, X-Men.

I'd stay for the high fives and whatnot, but I got a brisket in the smoker, and that ain't a euphemism. Welcome back--we missed you guys.



Nice to speak to you, Benjamin.

Being cheered is gonna take some getting used to.

Hey, we don't have to scrap the X-Mech, do we?

Ah hope not.

Wonderful job, everybody. I think a lot of great things are going to come our way.

As for our creation today...



"...I think the Krakoaan archipelago in the Atlantic could use a new lighthouse, don't you?"

"We can keep tinkering with it if we need it again."



"I'm eager to get a piece of this monstrosity back to the lab at the Treehouse to find out who threw a rock at Earth."



The analysis isn't complete, but it seems as though this is the robot form of possibly a living-- or once-living-- species.

It had two purposes: to psionically destroy mammalian brains and to replicate itself using whatever we had here on Earth.

The robot is not on any of the databases we have access to.

Only mammalian brains? Maybe someone out there hates dolphins?



Well, they swung and missed, so we'd better be ready for whoever it was to swing again.

Gameworld. Where the worst people in the universe come to have the best time.



Dual black holes convey the opulent planetoid, and time passes slower here as a result. Need a vacation? You could spend a month here over your weekend.



The best part is...

...you can wager on anything. Results are telepathically broadcast to the gamblers.

All bets are closed.

C'mon, you gorgeous behemoth! Liquefy their brains!

The Mind Reaver's gambit against Earth's civilization...

...has failed.

AHH! I'm ruined!

Your accommodations have been extended by a rotation. We hope you'll play again.

BONG!

Welcome, honored guests. We hope you're enjoying yourselves. If you would kindly turn your attention to our host, the one, the only...

CORDYCEPS JONES!

Thank you, Spimvar.

First, a toast to you, my clientele. For sticking with this place through the change in management. We're going to have a lot of fun together.

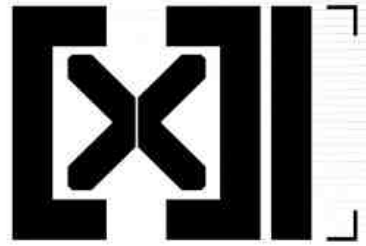
There's much to wager on, but I know the most popular game at this tournament will be the Sol system.

Earth has finally ruptured like a tumor, and now it's got to go. Let's take out the Earthlings before they ruin a planet we all care about.

The contest is simple: Beat the Earthlings, but leave the planet. I can't stress that second part enough.

There's no sense wastin' a good planet already in a habitable zone.

It'd be a perfect neighborhood-- if it weren't for the Earthlings.



FROM THE DESK OF BEN URICH, *THE DAILY BUGLE*

Everyone is talking about the X-Men these days, or to be more precise, “mutantdom,” since not every mutant is a member of the X-Men. I didn’t always make the distinction.

I’m not one of those people that’s up in arms about Mars, or to be more precise: “Arakko.” Do I wish they hadn’t claimed it? Perhaps. The United States didn’t claim the moon when we last walked on it. “For all mankind” is what most people will recall being said about that achievement, if you’re an old-timer like me.

Conservative talking heads have been yelling themselves hoarse that the planet could be used as a staging area to invade Earth...which doesn’t quite track for an island of super-powered people who until last Wednesday were living on Earth.

Emma Frost’s Hellfire Gala was both a smashing success and an unexpected setback. The United Kingdom has decided not to continue with its trade agreement, and fewer countries recognize Krakoaan sovereignty now than before the gala.

Love ’em or hate ’em, the mutants are certainly having their moment. We had planned six pages of coverage in the front of the *Daily Bugle* and hastily expanded it to more than 24 pages after the terraforming of Mars. Arakko. Gonna take some getting used to.

Which brings me to this afternoon.

I took the A train uptown to 86th Street, and if you haven’t done that yet, I recommend you spare a few minutes from your day because you’ll have your breath taken away by the newest high-rise in Manhattan.

There’s an honest to God treehouse in the middle of Manhattan. It might have been my imagination, but the birds seemed to sing louder, and the air smelled fresher. This is the new headquarters of the “heroes of Krakoa,” the X-Men. I have my concerns about any group of people with powers beyond man, and I have my own thoughts about what the mutants have done with Krakoa, but that’s a story for another time. Today, I looked up at the Treehouse and had a thought I just can’t get it out of my head.

A Treehouse isn’t threatening.

Over the years, New York has been home to many different, well, let’s call them by their legal names: vigilantes. It wasn’t that long ago that the Inhumans had their city floating above ours. New Attilan made me anxious to look at it. I kept waiting for it to drop from the sky. And don’t even get me started on the Sentry’s Watchtower. Remember that guy? Or was his super power to be forgotten? I don’t know where he is now, but the point of this story is: I do not miss that damn building. The X-Men’s home isn’t even the tallest building along Central Park West.

So that’s my hot tip of the day. Check out Seneca Gardens, a green space wholly owned by the Krakoaan government -- but it’s not listed as an embassy or consulate. It’s a park that has some technology I don’t quite understand and is both a memorial to fallen mutants and to Seneca Village, which was seized from largely Black landowners when Central Park was created in the mid-nineteenth century. If the mutants have some grand design to take over the planet, they’re doing it with kindness, and we can always use more of that. Let me know what you think about the Treehouse.

-- Ben



Deep in the ground,
in a particularly evil
part of New Jersey.

The
Oblivion
Institute,
Dr. Stasis
presiding.

Leviathan
body "bravo"
test two,
at same
radiation
levels.



Humanity
is born to
die...



...but if I
lived millennia,
it would not be
enough.



There is too much to discover.



Too much to accomplish.

We must overcome these fragile shells we are trapped in.

So I work. For the betterment of all mankind.

We must establish new upper thresholds for what these bodies can survive.



How much pain must our shells endure as we try to strive.



If we do not adapt to our challenges--well, then, we'll go the way of the dodo.

That reminds me. I should check to see if there is viable dodo DNA in any of the museum samples.



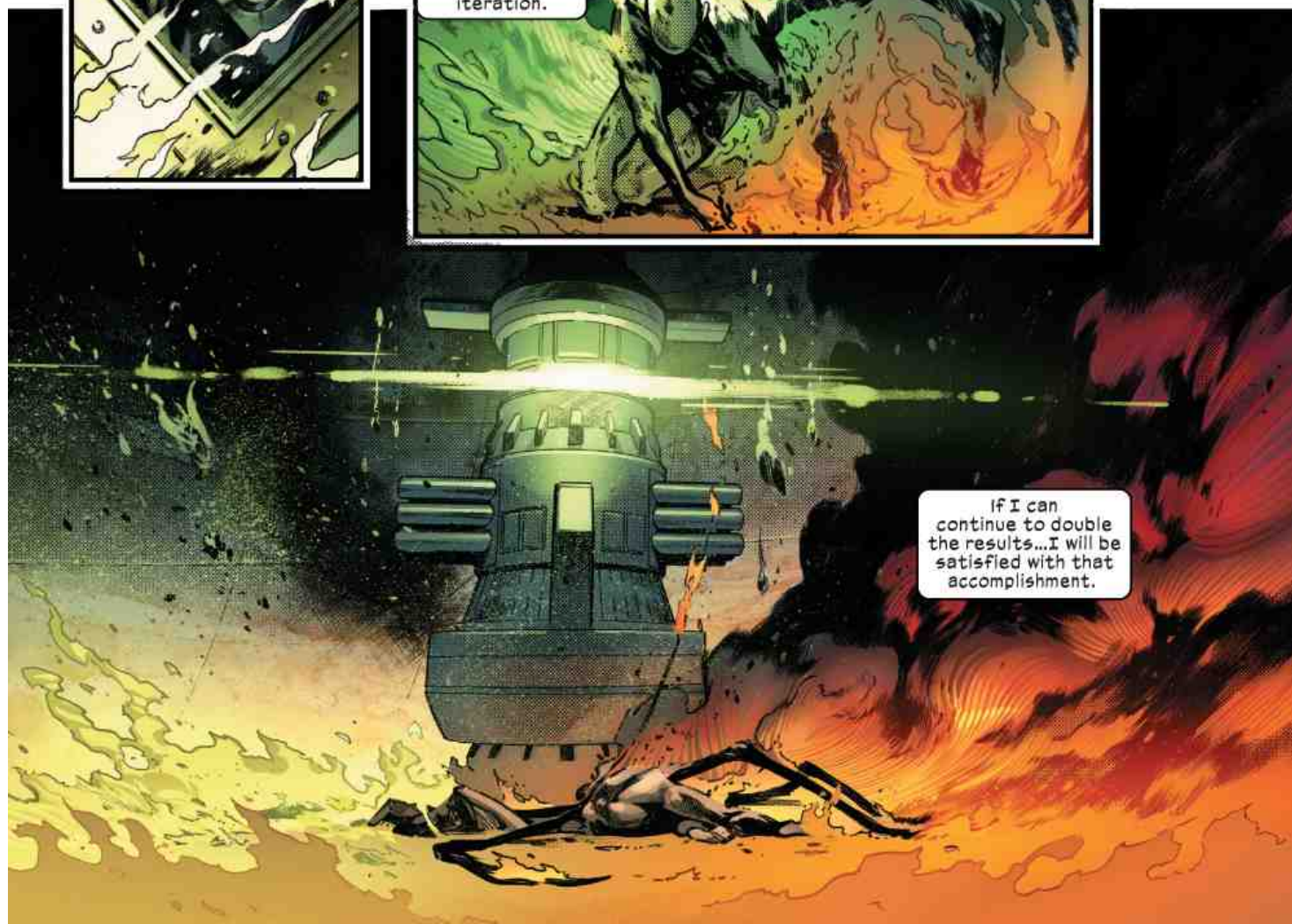
Where
was I?

Ah, yes...
lesser men
die many
deaths.

I do not
plan to die
at all.



Test two
is over. Subject
survived almost
a minute longer
than the first
iteration.



If I can
continue to double
the results...I will be
satisfied with that
accomplishment.



I've labored so long, and to be eclipsed by inferiors was so demoralizing, but I continue to persevere because *I must*.



No time to ruminate on past failings. I must learn how I was bested.



Krakoa is a dangerous tumor on this planet, and it is metastasizing. It will be the death of humanity if I am not able to cut it out. But first, I must know...



...how are the mutants resurrecting their dead?

HAS ARAKKO CAUSED YOU DISTRESS?



HAVE YOU EVER LIVED ON SOL'S FOURTH WORLD?

Were you ever born on Mars?
Lived on Mars? Marooned
on Mars?

YOU MAY BE ENTITLED TO COMPENSATION!

Has the terraforming of Mars
caused you any emotional,
physical or psychic distress?

CONTACT BLURD!

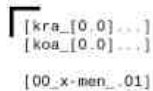
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